

Franklin's Religion.

A correspondent of the New York *Burning Post*, who has been studying the life of Franklin, writes:

From a child, Franklin was so fond of reading that all the little money that came into his hands was always laid out in books. And the very first collection of books he ever made, the very nest-egg of his library, was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes—a purchase induced by his love of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That and "Pittarch's Lives," with the book of De Foe's called "An Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's called "Essays to Do Good," gave him, he says, a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of his life. It was "his bookish inclination" that determined his father to make him a printer, and he began his journeymanship under his brother James at the age of twelve years. At the age of fifteen, "after doubting by turns of several points of principles and morals," as he found them disputed in the different books he read, he began, he says, to doubt of revelation itself, till he became a thorough deist, and at the age of nineteen he wrote a pamphlet to prove the doctrines of fate, from the supposed attributes of God. But, in 1730, at the age of twenty-four, he wrote a pamphlet on the other side of the question, "which began with laying for its foundation this fact, that almost all men in all ages and countries have at times made use of prayer." His earlier performance "appeared not near so clever a performance as he once thought it," and his doubts now took the form of self-doubting. "He doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself, unperceived, into his argument, so as to infect all that followed, as is common in metaphysical reasonings."

At the age of fifty-eight, in 1764, we find him writing to his daughter Sarah: "Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the common prayer is your principal business there, and, if properly attended to, will do more toward amending your heart than serious generally can do. For they (the prayers) were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days. I pray that God's blessing may attend you, which is more than a thousand of mine, though they are never wanting."

From this impressive record we pass on to the age of seventy-eight, in 1784. We find Franklin reviewing the course of his own and his early partner, Strahan's, property, and the causes of the American revolution. "But after all, my dear friend, do not imagine that I am vain enough to ascribe our success to any superiority in any of these points. I am too well acquainted with all the springs and levers of our machine not to see that our human means were unequal to our undertaking; and that, if it had not been for the justice of our cause and the consequent interposition of Providence, in which we had faith, we must have been ruined. If I had ever before been an atheist, I should now have been convinced of the being and government of a Deity. It is He who abases the proud and favors the humble. May we never forget His goodness to us, and may our future conduct manifest our gratitude."

Let me close this notice of Franklin's religious convictions and habits with a quotation from his speech in the federal convention, at the age of eighty-one, in behalf of his motion for opening with prayer, after four or five weeks spent in confusion of councils, and without progress. Let the focus of this lens of opinion and advice be directed upon congressional sessions of the present day, after nearly a hundred years.

"In the situation of this assembly," said Franklin, "groping, as it were, in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto thought of applying humbly to the Father of Light to illumine our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending providence in our favor. To that kind providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful friend, or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing truths I see of this fact—that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in the political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war and conquest. I, therefore, beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of the city be requested to officiate in that service."

The reply notice by Dr. Franklin of the result of his motion was that of simple astonishment, thus: "The convention, except three or four persons, thought prayers unnecessary."

To Correspondents.

Publishers are often seriously annoyed by the negligence of correspondents, and the *Kankakee Gazette* thus impresses upon its friends a few words of advice, which are good everywhere, and should be borne in mind by all who write for newspapers:

Do not wait until the last minute you suppose your letters can be put in type for publication. We are frequently compelled to reject or condense communications we should publish in full if they were received in season. While we might take care of one late comer, somebody must stay out when half a dozen are ready for the press. It is nothing uncommon for us to receive Tuesday afternoon or Wednesday morning a communication or notice which might have been prepared three or four days before without any inconvenience to the writer. As these notices are published gratuitously it does seem as if the writers might have some regard to our convenience. A good many complaints made about the non-appearance of articles or notices thus furnished are not justly chargeable to a want of a disposition to publish or a desire to accommodate, but the failure to appear is directly chargeable to the negligence of the writers to furnish them in proper season.

Condense what you have to say. As a general rule, occasional writers for a newspaper write only upon some topic in which they feel a special interest, and on this topic they amplify. They forget that other people feel, at most, only a general interest, and desire a brief presentation of the matter brought to their notice. The subjects for newspaper discussion are varied, and the average newspaper reader desires brevity. The question with the newspaper publisher is not what he can find to put in, but what he must have out. We are always glad to receive local news and publish what will be of local interest, but we are better pleased with a correspondent who tries to condense his items or his ideas than with one who evidently labors to say as much as he can and fill as much space as he can spread over. Leave verbosity and tediousness to the editor, who may perhaps be a tolerated bore, but has the right to control the management of his own paper.

Snuff-Dipping.

Says the *Atlanta Sunny South*: It is not generally known to what an extent this practice of dipping snuff is carried in some sections of our fair south, nor how many matrons and young girls of intelligence and high social standing are slaves to a habit that gradually undermines their health, shatters their nerves and too often insidiously opens the door to the terrible opium habit.

Snuff-dipping is demoralizing in the first instance, because in most cases it fosters concealment and deceit. The habit is kept secret from parents and friends.

We know daughters whose snuff bottles are concealed in their rooms, where they use it constantly without the knowledge of their parents. We have seen at boarding schools, girls go into hysterics when deprived of their snuff, and borrow tobacco from the servants, as a substitute, until they could obtain their usual stimulant of Scotch and Maculboy, and we are well acquainted with three sisters—beautiful young girls, were it not for the sallow hue tarnishing their complexions—who are at present under medical treatment for derangement of the nervous system and digestive organs, arising from the constant use of snuff. Their physicians have assured them that it was the cause of the disease thus blighting their young lives, and that medicine must be in vain as long as the practice was continued; and still they cling to their snuff-bottles as persistently as the toper to his demijohn. And this when they know that this vile poison nourishes the worm disease at the root of life, silently, slowly, but surely destroying it ere its prime; for aside from the ill-effects of this habit, the constant drain of the salivary glands, produced by frequent spitting and the narcotic poison of the weed itself, throw the delicate balanced system out of order, and bring a train of diseases to render life insupportably burdensome.

—Every one who has read "The Heart of Midlothian" knows the term *And Reekie*, as applied to Edinburgh. This picturesque sobriquet cannot be traced beyond the reign of Charles II. A curious and recondite tradition assigns the following as the origin of the phrase: Mr. Darham of Largo, an old Fifeshire laird, was in the habit, at the period mentioned, of regulating the period of evening prayer in his family during summer by the appearance of the smoke of Edinburgh, which he could easily see through the summer twilight from his own door. When he saw the smoke increase in density, in consequence of the good folks of the city preparing their suppers, he would call all the family into the house, saying: "It's time noo, bairns, to take the benks and gae to our beds, for yonder's Auld Reekie, I see, pulling on her night cap."

—Dr. Asa Gray states that, upon the best evidence, it is now believed that the weeping-willow "is a native of China or Japan; and that, although it may have been brought across the country to Persia and Assyria, in comparatively modern times, it was not there in the days of the captivity." This statement overturns the popular idea that the Israelites hung their harps on this species of willow. Dr. Gray adds that "the tree referred to in the noble Psalm, and which the uninspired translators have called willows, were probably poplars (*Populus Euphratica*)."

Kit Burns, the Rat Catcher.

It is said of the late Kit Burns, of New York, that, as a professional rat catcher, he was the first in America. It is further alleged by those who profess unequivocal knowledge of the matter that the deceased Kit had amassed much money in the pursuit of his unique vocation. He once made \$500 out of one single job in the rat catching line. One of the first restaurants on Broadway had been so badly infested by rats that the quantity of provisions consumed or destroyed night and day was incredibly large. The finest mousers were procured, but they made no inroad upon the army of rodents. In fact, after cat became demoralized, while the rats grew bolder, and frequently put them to flight. Alone in the restaurant one night, Kit surveyed the situation, and declared it to be a desperate one. The following night he sat his huge cage close to an advantageous aperture. A small, dim lamp on the shelf above him was the only light in the place. He lay above the great cage, with the string of the main trap in his hand. His object was to catch the "king" rat, and then the work was easy. They all follow the king. Rat after rat came to the cage, nibbled the bait, and ran back to the hole. There seemed to have been a perfect understanding about the matter before his majesty ventured forth. When he did, Kit knew him, for the king rat is an enormous shaggy specimen, with great bristles growing out of his body—and down snapped the trap. Now the rest were guinea-pigs, and wholly at the mercy of the rat catcher. Kit then fastened the king so as to secure his presence in the cage, and when the trap was again raised scores upon scores of rats filled the cage. It could hold no more, but when the subjects found themselves captured they fell upon the king and nearly tore him to pieces. After that Kit easily secured the rest of the varmints and was paid \$500.

Strange Things in Bee-dom.

Several years ago, when the seventeen-year locusts visited us, says a correspondent, I noticed, one morning in August, that the bees were going to the woods pretty lively. There were no flowers in that direction, and the weather was such that no honey-dew could be looked for. I followed them to the mountain, and there among the rock oak, their busy hum could be heard for a considerable distance. An examination proved that where the locusts had punctured the small branches, a sweet substance exuded, which the bees were collecting in considerable quantities; in fact some gathered 20 lbs. from this source. Its taste was rather unpleasant, but the bees wintered well on it.

While the bees were working on this substance one cool morning, about sunrise, the fog was stealing softly up the ravine towards my apiary, which is situated at the end of a deep ravine, the workers had then made their first rally. In a moment everything was shrouded in one of those thick fogs that come in a moment and are gone as soon. Just at that moment I came to the scene of action; no bee was visible, except one now and then issuing from a hive, but as quickly returning. I heard a strange sound, as it were in the clouds, increasing in volume. It was the sound of the main force of fifty hives—heavy-laden bees hovering above the thick fog in vain trying to find their hives. It was a soul-thrilling sound, only to be heard once in a lifetime. Half-a-dozen swarms on the wing at once, is nothing to be compared to it. Like everything else, it came to an end. The sun gently lifted the fog, and then such a rush—the approach of a sudden shower would never produce as much commotion.

Indian Justice.

Pinto Indians have a summary and effective way of dealing with their "fair but frail" ones. "An Indian," says the *Renov Journal*, "known as Sam lost his squaw through the blandishments of another red man named Jim. It seems that the fair Mary fell a victim to Jim's tender words, and at his solicitation left her husband's bed and board and joined the fortunes of Jim. Sam was not one to quietly submit to this treatment, particularly as Mary had taken some of her husband's goods when she departed. The loss of these added much to the wrath of the victimized Sam, who raised such a commotion among the Pinto braves about it that they determined to teach the frail Mary, and by her example the rest of the female portion of the tribe, a lesson. Jim tried to screen her from the gathering storm by hiding her, but they soon found her, and about fifty of the tribe, including Jim and several squaws, escorted her to the hill just back of Washee Lake where, safe from Caucasian intrusion, they made a huge pile of sage brush, and after tying her firmly in the middle of it, set it on fire. Then they commenced a war dance around the scene of cremation in which all joined except Jim—Sam being very fierce in his leaps and yells. The screams of Mary added to the zest of the dance." The sequel, however, reads very much like the ways of civilized society. "Jim meantime sat quietly by, and seemed an indifferent spectator of what was going on, and when the fire was out and the ashes gathered up, he went his way to new conquests, and Sam expressed himself satisfied."

—A "Female Hercules," a native of France, is to be seen in London. One of her feats is to lift up an anvil by the hair of her head, and then have the same anvil placed on her back, while three smiths force a horseshoe with their hammers, the talking and singing all the while.

Fiery Tomatoes.

Schneider is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sage, and such," Schneider had an invitation to visit his friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pieffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer on his arrival, Schneider thought he would stroll in the garden and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of the story in his own language: "Well, I walks about a liddle while roundt, when I sees some off dose demartars vot vas so red and nice as I nefer dit see any more, and I dhinks I vill put myself out side about a goule-tosen, shust to geef me a liddle abbe-dite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest and best lookin of dose demartars, and dakes a booty gool pite out ov dot, and vas chewing it onn pooty quick, ven—by chiminey—I dori I had a peeso ov red-hot gools in mine mout ov vas chewing onn dow or dree papers of needles; and I felt so pad already, dot mine eys vas vool of tears and I mate vor an 'olt oken bucket' vot I seen hanging in der vell, as I vas goomin, along."

Shust den mine vriend Pieffer game oup, ask me vot mate me veel so jadt, and if any of mine vains was dead. I told him dot I vas der only one ov der vaimly dot vas pooty sick; and den I ask him vot kind of demartars dose vos I hadt shust been picking; und mine emous, how dot landsman laughit, und said dot dose vas red peppers dot he vas raising vor peper-sauce. You pet my life I vas mat. I radder you give feefy-tollars as to ent some more ov dose bepper-sauce demartars."

To Drive Away Rats.

A lady writer, in a New York journal discourses in the following style concerning her treatment of rats and mice. We cleaned our premises of these detestable vermin by making a "white-wash" yellow with coppers and covering the stones and rafters of the cellar with a thick coating of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread was put crystals of the copperas and scattered the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a foot fall of either rat or mouse has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given to the cellar, as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery, or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar; and sometimes even the soap scraps are left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon starve them out. These precautions joined to the service of a good cat will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never would allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling; they are so liable to die between the walls, and produce much annoyance.

Blue Glass.

The New York *Mercury* tells a strange scientific story based on the blue glass business. It seems that Prof. Giyokan, a French savant, commenced a series of experiments in 1866, on the effects of different colored glasses, and especially various shades of blue. Having obtained two Moorish twin girls, five or six years old, they were kept under the blue glass all the time, and, as a consequence, when eight years had passed, they were full-grown and fully developed women. Their powers of seeing and hearing were at the same time growing more acute; first, they could see the odor of an orange radiating from the fruit like a mist; then these two girls came to see each other when absent, with walls between. At the same time their teacher, the professor, had become sharpened in his wits, and he, too, could see the color of sharp or sour foods. Further, the Moorish women can now see a variety of things attached to common beings which ordinary people cannot see at all; in fact, all three of them can see the space surrounding men and women filled with strange, living apparitions—sometimes many as a thousand, in a room at one time.

Italian Ladies.

C. C. Fulton writes from Florence: The ladies of both Rome and Naples dress with exquisite taste, in plain colors, in full European and American costume. In the matter of bonnets, those of Naples, in the opinion of my lady companions, excel in richness and elegance those of Paris. The afternoon drive on the Corso at Naples was almost equal to that of the Champs Elysees in the display of ladies toilets, as well as in the turnout of fine equipages. But little female beauty is, however, seen either at Naples or Rome, except in very young girls and children. There is no doubt that the Italian ladies lose the bloom and freshness of youth at a very early age after marriage. The young Italian girls who come in from the country in their picturesque costumes are, many of them, quite handsome; but their mothers, by whom they are usually accompanied, look old enough to be their grandmothers. This comes probably from the life of exposure which they live, working in the field, and it would almost seem that the greater portion of this work is performed by women.

—Truth from madness, is soft and gentle; falsehood from evil, is hard and cruel; hence the origin of hard and cruel speeches. Goodness of disposition manifests itself by gentleness, in that it is afraid to do hurt, and by sweetness, in that it loves to do good.

Wit and Humor.

The Portland Press knows a boy who is a jack-ass of all trades.

A smart schoolboy says it takes thirteen letters to spell cow, and proves it thus: "See O! double you."

We have heard of a quartet by four, but did you ever see a quartet by two? Yes, two can duet, if they trio.

Scientific agriculturists speak of the "fruit belt" of the Month. It is where green apples strike the small boy.

Did you ever notice how surprised you were when you put your foot on the next stair and found there wasn't any there?

Girls, never marry a man who drinks. It annoys him terribly to have a female smelling his breath every time he enters the house.

There is a man only 25 years of age who has already married fourteen women. He is a clergyman, and married them to their husbands.

The Cincinnatians deny that the founders of their city were the descendants of Ham. The very idea makes them bristle with indignation.

A person, being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered: "I did it out of pure revenge."

An Irishman who stood near the third base watching a game of base ball was sent to grass by a foul which struck him under the fifth rib. "A sowl was ut? Begorra I thought it was a mule."

A medical journal gives the antidotes to a number of poisons, and adds: "These remedies must be given before the doctor comes." By all means. Give the patient at least one chance for his life.

At a wedding recently, when the clergyman asked the lady, "Will thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" she, with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "if you please."

"Why didn't you put on a clean collar before you left home?" called out an impertinent young fop to an omnibus driver. "Cause your mother hadn't sent home my washing," was the extinguishing reply.

What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a plug of Irish soap the girl had left on the top-most stair, and his feet flew out like wild, fierce things, and he struck each stair with a sound like a drum, and the girl below with the scrubbing things laughed like a fiend to see him come.

It was the proprietor of an American luncheon counter who said, "I care not who makes the laws of the country, if I may make its sandwiches." And he finished hammering out the bottom of one, welded the upper crust down to it, brazed the edges, tempered it, and laid it in the sun, and filled out a blank burial permit while he waited for the next customer.

The World's Gold.

The entire amount of gold in the world at present is estimated at nearly seven billions (\$7,000,000,000) of value in United States coinage. A billion is such a big number that the average mind scarcely takes it in. A thousand millions is more readily comprehended; consequently several thousand millions means more, verbally and financially, than seven billions. How much solid gold would that make? Pure gold is more than nineteen times as heavy as water, and a cubic foot of water weighs one thousand ounces avoirdupois. A cubic foot of gold would weigh, therefore, over nineteen thousand ounces avoirdupois, and each such ounce of fine gold is worth, as we reckon, rather more than \$18; so that a cubic foot of the precious metal would have a value of about \$333,333 dollars. A cubic yard of gold, being twenty-seven times as much, would be worth over \$9,000,000, and seven hundred cubic yards would contain considerably more than the whole sum of gold on the globe. All of it might be contained in a block some seventeen feet high, twenty-eight feet wide, and fifty-six feet long.

—At a late meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Science remarks were made on a specimen of the smallest known centipede except one, that exception not being found in this country. The specimen shown was about one-tenth of an inch long, and has ten legs. The feature, however, which is particularly interesting, especially to those who own microscopes, is the peculiar beauty of the minute and delicate plumes with which the segments are clothed. These are seen to be arranged in clusters along each side, like little bunches of feathers. The individual plumes are easily detached, and when observed with a power of 250 diameters show that they are serrate at their borders and covered with fine longitudinal and transverse markings. On the back, the plumes are in two transverse rows on each segment, joined at each end by a semi-circular series. The tail has two bunches of serrate bristles, pointing backwards, and the head is bordered in front with three or four rows of thick-set plumes, hiding to some extent the eyes at the side, appearing not unlike the hair overhanging the eye of a spaniel.

THE NOSE BATH.—In a variety of nasal affections, catarrh, colds in the head, inflammation of the nasal passages, nose bleed, etc., this remedy proves beneficial. Water should be sniffed freely through the nose, and drawn back, if possible, so that it is ejected by the mouth. This should be repeated several times a day when the object is to tone the debilitated mucous membranes of the nose, and should be used cool or cold. When, as in ulcerated surfaces, the design is to clean them, it may be used tepid, following with cold water for a tonic effect.